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The Clansmen of Scotland.

The Highlanders of Scotland by the Manipulation of Native Dyes Have Made for Themselves a Series of Multi-colored Tartans. These With Their Badges, Battle Cries, and Pibrochs Serve to Distinguish the Clans in Peace and in Battle.

[BY DOUGLAS STORY, FROM MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.]

It were hard for the Lowlander to realize the inspiration that rests in the skirt of the bagpipes, the swish of the Highland kilt, and the glint of the sun on the tartan. To the true son of Scotland, these are as the breath of battle to an aged charger, as the cry of the mother ewe to the wandered lamb, as the smoke of his childhood's home to the returned prodigal. Sensitive though sentimental, emotional while reserved, the Scotsman to the third and fourth generation reacts to the sight of his nation's garb as a babe to its mother's crooning.

To explain this high sentiment of the Scot it is necessary to remember that all the wearers of a clan tartan are members of the same family, common descendants of a common father. The Gaelic word *clann* means seed, or children. The MacArthurs are all sons of the far back chieftain Artair. The MacDonalds of the Isles are all blood kinsmen of that Donald who sheltered Robert the Bruce in Dunbarton.

So, when a MacArthur sees the green tartan traversed with the yellow bar of his clan, or a MacDonald discovers the red crossed with green, the heart of each leaps at the sight of a brother, a brother in blood as well as in sentiment. Two thousand years ago there were twenty-one of these families inhabiting North Britain. From them have descended all the hundred clans of Scotland.

THE CLAN TARTAN.

Originally a huge blanket, belted round the waist and carried over the head and shoulders, the Highland dress has developed into the most ornate and most complicated costume in existence. In its earliest form the dress was blanket colored, made of the wool of the sheep, undyed and indistinguishable. With time the Highlanders learned to dye the cloth with the roots and barks of their native flora. Their blacks were obtained from the bark of the alder tree, their blues from the blueberry, their greens from the broom and the whin bark, their reds from the rock lichen, and their yellows from the root of the ash tree and bracken. The heather mixed with alum gave them their darkest green, the dandelion their magenta, and the bramble their dark orange.

With these the Highlanders worked curious designs on their cloth, and every clan came to have its own tartan—or *brecan*, as it is called in the Gaelic. By means of these was every family distinguished, and the various members of the family differentiated. There was the clan tartan, worn by every member of a common family; the chief's tartan, worn only by himself and his immediate heir; the dress tartan, for occasions of state; the hunting tartan, for use in the hills; and the mourning tartan, worn when death had robbed the clan of its chief, or *daoinensal*.

BADGES AND BATTLE CRIES.

In addition, each clan chose for itself a badge, or *suaicheantas*, as a further aid to identification. The MacQuaries wore in their bonnets a sprig of the Scots fir; the MacArthurs, a branch of wild myrtle; the MacDonalds of the Isles, a slip of heather. The Stewarts carried the thistle as their badge and gave it as a national emblem to Scotland.

These badges were common to the entire clan. The Scots fir, badge of the Clan Alpine, was worn by all the subsidiary families—the MacGregors, the Grants, MacKinnons, MacNabs, MacPhies, MacQuaries, and MacAulays. The wild myrtle, badge of the Clan Campbell, was worn by all of its contributory clans. All of the Clan Chattan carried the red whortleberry or boxwood. This was the badge of the MacPhersons, the MacIntoshes, the MacDuffs, the MacBeans, the Shaws, the MacGillivrays, the Davidsons, and the

MacQueens. In great enterprises the clans marched to battle under the clan *suaicheantas*. In smaller excursions, the tartan served to distinguish them.

CATHGAIRM AND PIBROCHS.

In addition to the differences in tartans and badges, every clan had its own pipe music. The cries, or *cathgairm*, as the Highlanders call them, were taken as a rule from some place-name indicative of the locality in which their homes lay.

The Campbells rushed to battle with the cry "Cruachan!" from the giant mountain shadowing their fastnesses along Loch Awe. The rallying cry of the MacIntoshes was "Loch Moideh!"—the Lake of Meeting. The Grants yelled "Craig Elachail!"—the hill in Strath Spey overlooking their country. Some of the clans chose their *cathgairm* from a clan peculiarity. The MacQuaries dashed to the charge with the battle cry "An t-Arm Breac Dearg!"—"the army of the checkered red!"—in reference to their tartan. The Gordons shouted "A Gordon! A Gordon!" The Camerons cried, *Chlanna nan con thigibh a so's gheibh sibh feoil*—"Sons of the hounds, come here and get flesh!" The Mathesons chose as their *cathgairm* the cry: "Dail ach'nda thear na!"—"the field between the two hills." In this plain the Mathesons gathered for battle, and it was a tradition in the clan that no luck would be theirs did they muster elsewhere. With these and the clan pipe music, every family of Highlanders was easily and definitely distinguishable.

Each clan has its own gathering music, its march or pibroch, and its laments. The Camerons march to "The Pibroch of Donald Dubh," the Campbells to "The Campbells Are Coming," the Grants to "Stand Fast Craigellachie," the Stewarts to the march "My King Has Landed at Moirdart."

Each of the pibrochs records some famous deed of the clan, or some great chieftain's prowess in the past. As the post of piper is hereditary in Highland clans, the pibrochs have been handed down from father to son from the remotest times to the present day. With them have come the traditions of the family, its past greatnesses, its victories, and its history of failure and success. Its laments record its saddest days, its direst losses.

No nation possesses so vast a storehouse of family history as do these Highlanders of Scotland. The Campbells wail "The Marquis' Lament," and the MacIntoshes "The MacIntosh's Lament," as dolefully in Canada or in Australia, and with as true a knowledge of the events upon which they are founded, as do the gillies on the banks of Loch Awe or on the braes of Lochaber. Each Highland heart beats to the music of its own clan as certainly today as ever in the past.

THE HIGHLAND GATHERING.

Sir Walter Scott, in "Waverley," tells how Flora MacIvor sang to him the "Roll Call of the Clans." As a "gathering" it may be taken as a fair translation of the songs which fire the blood of the Gordons and the Camerons in the presence of the Afridis, the Boers, and the dervishes of the twentieth century, as truly as they did the warring clans of five hundred years ago.

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
Brave sons of the mountain, the firth, and the lake!
'Tis the bugle—but not for the chase is the call;
'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons—but not to the hall.

'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath;
They call to the dirk, the claymore, the target,
To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

Be the brand of each Chieftain like Fin's in his ire!
May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire!

Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore,
Or die like your sires and endure it no more!

"Lochaber No More" brought tears to the eyes of the Highland soldiery over the grave of General Wauchope at Magersfontein as sincerely as ever it did on Highland moor by the graveside of the chief.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE KILT.

In considering the development of the Highland dress it is probably easiest to begin with the long saffron garment worn by the chiefs and daoinensal of the middle ages. This was a garment of a single piece, made of fine linen, and containing some thirty yards of material. As a consequence, it was reserved for the use of men of wealth and position in a clan. Although not a warlike garment, it seems to have been used in battle; since in the records of the Gordons it is told how Angus, chief of the Clan Chattan, was shot by one of the Earl of Badenoch's men, who had distinguished him by reason of his being "clothed in a yellow war coat." In this garment kilt and plaid were one.

A modification of the blanket colored garment worn by the MacArthur is the tunic of MacIvor. In the old burial grounds of the Highlands the monumental effigies of the chiefs most frequently wear this dress. A sash wound round the body acted as a belt to bind the cloak and as a baldric from which to hang the clai'mor, or sword of the Highlander. The spear in MacIvor's right hand is of a pattern eighteen hundred years old. It might be used as a stabbing spear, or could be thrown as a Zulu throws his assegai. The small round shield, or target, of the Highlander appears in different patterns throughout all the existing pictures of men in battle array. It was invariably round, covered with hide, and studded with nails. Sometimes it was carried in the hands as a defense against missiles, frequently it was worn buckled to the arm as a protection against clai'mors and battle spears.

The MacDonalds of the Isles are heirs to the long time separate kingdom of the Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland. In 1544 Donald Du, chief of the clan, crossed to Ireland with four thousand men, transported in one hundred and eighty galleys. Most of these warriors were clothed in habergeons of mail. This shirt of mail was the common defensive armor of the Highlanders. It covered the warrior from neck to ankle and is of the same pattern as that adopted by the Romans, according to Varro, from the Gauls. Underneath the body armor the Highlanders wore a leather doublet, the cuffs of which were made of the tartan of the clan.

THE MACDONALDS OF THE ISLES.

A distinctive feature of the Highland dress was the buskins, or cuarans. Those were the boots of the Scottish warriors. Their manufacture was speedy and simple—a mystery to the slower minded English. Placing his foot on the skin of a deer or the hide of a bullock, hair outward, the clansman cut out a portion suited to his purpose. This he doubled over the toe, outward and inward across the foot and upward behind the heel. A thong of hide run through eyelets made of the whole a boot. The MacIvor wears badger heads as an additional embellishment, the MacQuarie possesses buskins of cowhide, and the boy of the Matheson clan cuarans of deer skin.

The MacIntoshes, sons of the Thane of Fife, have carved their name with the clai'mor into the history of Scotland. Along with the MacPhersons they claim the honor of having been the branch of the Clan Chattan who fought with the Clan Dhail on the North Inch of Perth in 1396, as told by Sir Walter Scott in "The Fair Maid of Perth." The MacIntosh of the illustration wears the Highland court dress of the beginning of the eighteenth century, a much ornamented and elaborated costume.

THE CHARM OF THE TARTAN.

Today the kilt is preserved as the uniform of the Highland regiments in the British army. In the war with the Boers, when the War

Office ordered a transformation from kilt to khaki, there came near to being a mutiny, and the authorities were glad to compromise matters by compelling the wearing of khaki apron over the blue-black kilt of the Black Watch and the yellow striped kilt of the Gordons. Behind that apron the stout legs of the Highlanders have carried them to death at Magersfontein and Paardekraal, to victory at Johannesburg and Pretoria.

Made a transportable offense in 1747, the wearing of the tartan has become for Highlanders a matter of conscience as was the maintenance of the covenant to the Lowlanders of the west and south. Today it lives as the garb of the finest soldiers the world possesses, as the costume of Scottish gamekeepers and gillies, as the hereditary vestment of the clan pipers and minstrels, as the dress of the retainers of the oldest Highland families.

To the Scotsman the tartan speaks of the mist on the hills, of swift rushing streams and heather clad mountains, of lonely moor stretches and cozily nestled clachans, of the cry of the grouse and the wail of the whaup, of the gentle Scots tongue and the call of the mother land.

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